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A  
DESCRIPTIVE  
JOURNEY, &c.

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[ Price Two Shillings. ]

[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

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(Price Two Shillings)

Entered in Stationers' Hall

Printed by



*Russell  
Graham*

A  
DESCRIPTIVE  
JOURNEY  
THROUGH THE  
INTERIOR PARTS  
OF  
GERMANY AND FRANCE,  
K — Including PARIS:  
WITH  
INTERESTING AND AMUSING  
ANECDOTES.

---

*By a young ENGLISH PEER, of the  
highest Rank,*

JUST RETURNED FROM HIS TRAVELS.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, Fleet-Street,

1786.

DESCRIPTIVE  
JOURNAL

OF THE  
INTERIOR PARTS

OF THE  
MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS

OF THE  
WESTERN PARTS

OF THE  
CONTINENT OF NORTH AMERICA

BY  
JAMES W. FENNELL

OF THE  
U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

WASHINGTON  
1870



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## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Noble Author of these Observations seems totally divested of vanity, or he would have placed his name in the Title.— The lively style, and pleasing, though careless manner, in which he has committed his thoughts to paper, may be considered as promising symptoms of a rising genius.

## vi / ADVERTISEMENT.

In order to gratify a commendable curiosity, viz. the knowledge of human nature in (comparatively speaking) an unaccommodated state, our young Traveller frequently preferred a Diligence, or Stage-Coach, to the pompous equipage and parade of a Man of Fashion ; and the plain, but wholesome food, and humble companions, generally found at an *Auberge*, or Public Inn, to the elegant accommodations, and luxurious viands, which

## ADVERTISEMENT. vii

which are usually placed before a Man who is princely in his fortune, and but one degree below Royalty itself.

If we consider the early age at which he made these observations, every candid Reader will acknowledge that considerable improvement may be expected, when Experience has shed her influence over a mind naturally inclined to the noblest study of human nature.

*"The proper study of Mankind, is Man."*

POPE,

### viii. ADVERTISEMENT.

The tender scene described in page 56 displays a degree of delicacy, and an elegance of expression, which would do credit to our most experienced writers ; while the respect with which he mentions a virtuous attachment, proves the goodness of his heart.

Oct. 6, 1786.

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A

DESCRIPTIVE  
JOURNEY, &c.

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LONDON, Dunkirk, Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Liège, and Aix-la-Chapelle, were my route. As they are every day crowded with English and Irish, and so well known, I shall pass over them to COLOGNE, a large, old-fashioned town, built on both sides of the Rhine, 300 miles east of London, and 150 west of Francfort. It has a good deal of commerce with

A                      England,

England, Holland, &c. by means of its situation on the Rhine. I met a Mr. Stuart, at the Hôtel du St. Esprit; he was returning from his travels in Asia; and we went together to see Baron Hupfch's cabinet of curiosities. It is very large, very rich, and very curious, but by no means digested after nature into any minute, not even a classical arrangement. The Bird of Paradise is there; the Grand Signior always wears its most beautiful feathers in his crown. I have not time to take a description of it; and will only observe, he has the best collection of Monsters I ever saw, some born, some unborn. Here you see an infant with two heads and one body, there a foetus with an horse's head. There is a born child, with two trunks joined by one back, two sets of extremities, and only

only one head, resembling that of a lobster. You see the head and shoulders of a beautiful child terminating like an eel; I do not mean a mermaid; for there are two there, and the difference to be seen. There is a child in every appearance well formed and handsome; but it has no ears, and no eyes except one in the center of the breast-bone. In a word, there is not a combination that the most whimsical fancy could imagine of the human species with the brute creation, &c. that does not stand here before your eyes in proportionate phials of spirits of wine.

When we were announced and introduced to the Baron, he was shabbily dressed; but as we returned from the cabinet, he had on a suit of blue

gold; another of scarlet and gold lay on a table; *O vanitas vanitatum!* But such is the puff and parade of the country. We also saw the manufactory of the famous Eau de Cologne, which is nothing else but an apothecary's shop. When the servant shewed us in, I wanted to see the *fabrique*, as they call it. "Here it is, Sir!" answered an old fellow behind the counter—"I make the water myself—" "Such a bottle," pointing to one that contained about half-a-pint, "sells at "a florin—Be so kind, Sir, as to taste "it." So I did; and would take my oath it's nothing else but strong lavender-water and very little spirits of nitre, though sent for from all parts of Europe. Some rub it on their temples for head-achs; some drink it for pains in the stomach; some, to my  
own

own knowledge, shave with it. However, the demand for it has been such for many years, that the old apothecary may now retire, if not with dignity, at least with ease; for he has amassed thousands too many for his withered bones. The Cathedral is a handsome piece of Gothic building; but never was, nor ever probably will be, finished.

From thence I proceeded to Bonn, a pleasant town near the Rhine, about twelve miles south-east of Cologne. The Palace, which is spacious and superb, has from every part of the front a view of the Rhine, at a distance of about two miles; across a delightful garden, both extensive and magnificent, lost to the right and left in the expanse of a level, fruitful

country. Beyond the Rhine appears a sweep of very high hills, dispersed and retiring in noble disorder, covered with trees, verdure, and, in appearance, round towers, and the ruins of great buildings. To the rear, there is nothing to be seen but the town, about a couple of miles in circumference, well enough built, and a country full of trees and corn. The present Elector is Maximilian, the Emperor's brother. The world and that enchanting seat weighed more with him than the pleasures of a nuptial-bed; for you know the Electors of Bonn are always ecclesiastics. I stayed but one day there. The morning we left it, we saw him at a distance in the gardens,—a book in his hand—I suppose reading his morning breviary,—with some fine-looking women.

He

He saw at once we were strangers, approached, and addressed us with that familiar easy politeness that so eminently marks his character. He was in his usual dress (black), quite plain and simple; his size about five feet eight inches; pretty fat; his face long, ruddy, and an aquiline nose. He is lower and grosser than the Emperor, but a family-likeness is discernible. His revenue is very considerable, and keeps in pay no more than about fifty soldiers; but he is sincerely beloved by his subjects for his simplicity, benevolence, and justice. His affability led him to ask many questions about England, the Royal Family, Ireland, &c. He pressed Capt. Hall and me to dine with him; but our engagement had been fixed with a public carriage,



and we were obliged to leave himself and his Ladies in full enjoyment of their paradise, in order to proceed to Coblantz.

We passed by the Prince's garden ; and the nearer we approached the river, hills, and other ornaments that we saw from the palace but just before, the happier and more powerful grew their effect. It will always prove so, when beauty is genuine, native—and *vice versa*. Our route was, all the way to COBLENTZ, on the banks of the Rhine ; which describes a crazy circuit between two ridges of hills, sloping aloft to a prodigious height, and seeming to follow in majestic confusion the windings of that famous river, as if vying for the honour of being near it, or drunk with a surfeit of

of

of their own produce :—I mean the Rhenish wine, whose ripening branches form an azure mantle for all these hills, delight the traveller's eye, and produce a refreshment so necessary against the sultry heats collected in this truly romantic vale.

Sometimes, in travelling along, a sudden turn of our watery leader presented a ship and crew of some distant nation, laden with wine, porcelain, or some other goods of the country. Sometimes the ringing of bells, or tops of spires glittering at a distance, announced our approach to one of the villages situated on the edge of the water, beautifully mounting in progressive ascension along the slope of one of these hills, formerly trod by heroes, and once the scene of all that  
horror

horror of war that rendered the Rhine so ever-memorable in the annals of Europe. One day's pleasant airing brought us to COBLENTZ, as it lies only about thirty miles eastward of Bonn. It is a large, strong town, and now the residence of its own Prince, very pleasantly situated at the meeting of the Rhine and Moselle. The Palace gardens and public buildings scarce deserve any particular notice; and therefore the next morning I set out for FRANCFORT. They called the vehicle I travelled that day in, a carriage *de poste*; which, as curiosity was the sole object of my ramble, I preferred to any other. It was drawn by eight horses, and contained fifteen persons; as it was of a long form, and different seats across it. After going into it, I had scarce time

to

to reconnoitre the different faces of my companions, till I found myself, carriage and all, on a large float, crossing the Rhine. There were also on it twelve carts with eight horses to each, a large guard-house with soldiers, the image of St. John of Nepomucene in full length, 200 working girls going for market-herbage and to their vineyards, with as many lovers of their own stamp, numbers of other persons, &c. &c.

As I now depart from the Rhine, leaving it to the right-hand, and taking a north-east direction, I was obliged to cross the high hills that lie northward of it; which now, instead of vines, bedecked with lime and elm trees, detached vineyards, and corn, hiding their tops in the clouds, and  
 smoking

Smoking to the rising sun, form an enchanting *coup-d'œil*. These vast eminences are some of them embellished with many neat houses, gardens, and ornaments as if affixed to their front, and tipped with spires, now glittering to the dawning rays of the morning, and throwing off the sable shades of the night, as if preparing for an higher approach towards Heaven, to waft up their solemn tolls of hosannas to the great Author of so sublime a scene!

In descending from these hills, the senses are regaled with all the charms of Nature. An expanse opens at once immeasurable to the eye, diversified in the most picturesque and regular confusion;—boundless fields of wheat floating in yellow waves, skirted  
at

at a distance with groves, and speckled with the verdure of poplar clumps. After travelling some miles across these plains, a forest appears, where the elm and beech entwine their branches to form a cooling shade for thousands of horned cattle and horses. Further on, a vizio opens, of the most lively green, where the shepherd with his crook reclines at his ease, while his dog gallops round and round the flock with all the authority of a General, so that one dare not stir from their lines. This was the sort of country we travelled through, till towards evening. It attracted my notice a great deal more than any individual of the numerous company. Smoking was allowed by the custom of the country; and viewing the various beauties of the neighbourhood, as we drove

drove along, was my apology for having my face always to the window.

For want of time and abilities, I must wave a description of one of the loveliest vallies I ever saw, that led us better than six miles to the village called SELTER. I saw the Sceltzer spa, and a sweet-water spa just near. One bottle of the water, ready corked, costs seven creutzers, threepence-half-penny English; and it brings the Elector of Treves, to whom it belongs, 11,000*l.* sterling annually. I have drank of it: it has a brisk, not unpleasant, peculiar taste. I have also drunk water exceedingly like it, at different tables, from Brussels up to it, and in other places; so that its mineral is throughout the whole country.



country. The only respect in which I think it differs from them, is, that it has a flavour the slightest possible of sulphur. The Well is situated in the middle of a very pretty little garden; and, like most of the baths at Aix-la-Chapelle, is handsomely surrounded with cut free-stone, with seven or eight steps descending at three sides of the well, and at the fourth the water spouts down into a stream. After going down the steps, you have five or six paces of a boarded floor, to approach the spring, neatly surrounded by handsome cut stone, of a square form, and only four feet in diameter. There were two sticks across the top, to lay a cover on occasionally. This I wrote at the spa; but I was in a hurry back to the hôtel; and, while the horses were eating

ing their brown bread and water, I had time to introduce myself to the Miss Lessys, from Hanover. I had compliments to them from the French Captain and Mr. Stuart, with whom I visited Baron Hupfch's curiosities at Cologne; by which means I had a capital excuse: but even without that, it would be only civility to address them;—though in England it would appear the most consummate impudence. They were really handsome; which, together with the laughing, easy affability of their manner, could not fail making a slight impression on a young English heart, accustomed to English stiffness. After half-an-hour's gay conversation, and an agreement of meeting in a few days at Spa, we parted with mutual assurances of regret. The hôtel is the only good house

house in the village: it is very large, and has good accommodations. It is situated about thirty miles eastward of Coblentz, and forty from FRANC-FORT:

Where, after taking a few hours rest in a poor village, we arrived at nine o'clock the next morning, and only saw the usual varieties of a fine country. It was Sunday; and, as we entered the town, we met sixty-three carriages going to the Lutheran church, though most of the inhabitants were then at their country-seats. The carriages were all of them paltry, and not one truly *à l'Angloise*. The Roman-Catholics are equally numerous and wealthy. They intermarry, since the peace of Westphalia; and, like the most part of Europe, are

B                      fairly

fairly unshackled from prejudice and bigotry ; insomuch that religion, instead of being an incendiary of disunion, is never mentioned in public or private companies, and every one adores the great God as he thinks best.

The town, which is free, and imperial, is pretty well fortified about an English mile in every direction, tolerably handsome, agreeably situated on the Main, and has great commerce. I lodged at the *Maison Rouge*, the best hôtel, I believe, in the world, and infinitely cheaper and better than the *Empereur*. It deserves to be recommended to all strangers.

I happened to sit at dinner, the first day, near Count Eullenhausen, Colonel

nel in the service of Holland. He had fine English horses, carriages, and every other equipage becoming his rank. We became gracious at once. One day we drove to the Forest-house, the next to Eux, both along the banks of the Main, to see the tobacco and porcelain fabrics, &c. and so on, till we were perfectly acquainted with all the environs of Francfort. In the evenings we usually passed an hour at the play; but the group is miserable indeed. Their own character of one another is, that they are not fond of being acquainted with strangers; but I found it the contrary, particularly at the Assemblies. They were held at our hôtel. The room is one of the largest I have seen; and the people of fashion

dance and dress as we do; except from time to time, for variety, they embrace each his partner genteelly, and in that attitude dance round on the breadth of a plate; and round and round about again, one couple after another, till they have made two or three circuits of the room; and then commence, as before, the country-dances. I never passed so pleasant a week in so pleasant a country. The Count is about forty years of age, tall, and well-made; his manner serious, but sweet and affable. We were taken great notice of; in general the English are carested in all companies.

He had in his suite an angelic-looking girl, about seventeen years of age.

age. She was pale and sickly; and so was he. One day I rallied him about it; and he confessed the nature of their disorder. I offered my service most sincerely, on the occasion, to them both; as I had purchased a receipt that proved infallible in that complaint: but he told me in confidence, that she was volatile; and, if in health, he feared her conduct. "I love her as I do my life; and I do not know what to do!" I urged the horrors of murder and suicide to him, at least being accessory to her death and his own; and how directly that clashed with any thing like love. However, such was its effect on him: for all my intreaties were in vain; and I was obliged to drop the matter. I was sorry to leave them in that situation; but, as he was



to depart the next day, I told him how sensible I was of his politeness, and how sincerely he had gained my esteem and affection. Declarations on his part were, I believe, equally unfeigned. A blast of the postillion's French-horn put an end to our ceremony; and his rolling away took my hands out of his.

My next destination was MAYENCE. Nothing occurred remarkable; but, like the rest of the country, that distance, is full of every sort of grain, fruit-trees, meadows, and forests, Arranged by the hand of Nature into different varieties: towns and villages interspersed. The day was fine, and the ride of course would prove agreeable: but the company was infernally offensive; as is too often the case in  
public

public carriages. A Capucin and a wh—e, two Jews, an Officer, and myself, formed the society.. The Capucin, in talking nonsense to the wh—e, who chanced to sit opposite to him, sputtered a great deal of froth on his long beard; and the Jews, like so many goats, shook their venerable whiskers for fun and laughter at the scene before them. The seats were narrow; and of necessity the Capucin's and wh—e's knees were obliged to meet, even slide between one another for room, when the carriage gave a violent shake, (for in this country often iron chains serve for springs.) He then whisked about his hairy muzzle in making his awkward compliment: "*Hab! Madlle. excusez;*" and pressed his hand on her knee, to force himself back into his seat.

The Jews could not cease from a risible convulsion; and all together exhibited a curious spectacle. The Officer and I enjoyed it well; for she was so ugly, we were not jealous. But the foetid steams of the three-year-old habit forced us out of the carriage, when we got within a mile of the town; and we enjoyed a view of it, the rivers, and country, together with a very great *change of air*.

We got into town time enough to see it. It is situated on the south-east side of the river, which we passed over a bridge of boats, ranged longitudinally, and covered with thick boards, about half a mile long. Here the Rhine and Main meet at an acute angle, and are no small ornament to  
the

the views. The town is large, a good part of it handsomely built, and is the residence of the Elector. The Palace has a dark-brown appearance; but the apartments are spacious, and splendidly furnished, in the same fashion as the other palaces of the country:—Rich carpets, over floors commonly of mahogany, often of ivory, cut in rhombus's, like the ace of diamonds, and lightly edged with black marble—The chairs silk-bottomed, and the frames gilt in a variety of taste——The tapestry frequently damask; but sometimes even different apartments of the same palace exhibit a charming variety of the richest silks and colours, bespangled with gold and silver in the most fanciful style—The wide door and  
window

window hangings are generally crimson silk and velvet, gorgeously embroidered and festooned, &c. Yet their principal ornaments are their numerous, large, and brilliant lustres and looking-glasses; with the latter of which you see large rooms lined throughout, reflecting and multiplying, to an infinity, the size and splendour of a large suite of apartments; and sometimes sketches of a rural view appearing by a borrowed reflection on pieces of water.

The Music and Ball Room promises to be a master-piece of grandeur and taste; but is not yet finished. Among the paintings, two old country-people's heads engage every stranger's attention, and are acknowledged to be

be finished pieces of mastery in that profession, executed by a native of the town.

To look from the balconies on the river-side of the Palace, one is delighted indeed, and bewildered, between the delicious sweets of Nature and masterly strokes of Art; for one cannot decide whether yet to return and feast his eyes longer in the apartments, or stay and admire the view before him. It takes in the conflux of the Main and Rhine; promenades, gardens, and orange-groves, on the banks; islands in the middle; with an extensive picturesque landscape; their verdure, and other beauties of them, and the town, reflected by the silver mirror of the calm, confluent streams. In a word, the *tout ensemble* of



of both Art and Nature conspires to electrify, and produce sensations (except one species) the most pleasing I ever felt. In the town there is one principal inn, and the *table d'hôte* is excellent. One day, at dinner, some conversation led me to tell an Abbé, who sat next me, how much I loved the Emperor, and that I always carried his portrait about me. His answer was only—"Pray, Sir, are you a subject of the Emperor's?"—"No, Sir, I am a British subject." He licked the juice of his strawberries with a crumb of bread, snored a pinch of snuff, wiped his nose with the back of his fist, and, after a grim look or two of manifest displeasure, pushed back his chair, and walked off. I have been, on all occasions, industrious to move a conversation about  
the

the Emperor, in order to feel the pulse of the country about his character; and the fact is, he is in general hated. His innovations in religious matters, they, with the world, approve of; but his mode of effecting them is considered as a rapacious monopoly on the rights of free-born subjects, degrading to the character of a Monarch, and dangerous for his personal safety. What does a desperate individual matter his life, kicked out of the lap of affluence and ease to drag a life of misery and distress, to *exist* on a starved pittance of twelve or eighteen pounds a year, after sharing long in the rich foundations and estates left to that very convent, perhaps by his own ancestors? The oppression, the tyranny, of it, is the common groan of injured humanity!

There

There are actually, at Vienna, clergymen employed in translating the Mass into the German language. All the Princes of the Empire are making alterations, and following his steps, but moderately and justly. Even France herself begins to hearken to the common cry of good-sense, and liberty of thought. The Count de Mirabeau, a Frenchman, has written, with a vast deal of energy and good argument, against the Emperor's conduct, particularly on the subject of the rupture with Holland, and contributed to tarnish that *éclat* that seemed to dawn on his character.

At this table is also introduced the sourish water resembling that of Sceltzer. As I meet it every where along the Rhine, I cannot help conjecturing  
that

that the same mineral that sours the water, being dissolved in the bowels of the earth, is the matter that renders the wine also sour. My conjecture is confirmed by this fact; that, for instance, in Austria, and other places, where the wine is sour, the sourish water is also to be found. It need not be objected, that from the same principle corn, fruits, &c. should also be sour in the same fields; because, from the natural construction of the minute parts of the vine, it has a power of attracting, and being nourished by, that sub-acid fluid, which other vegetables will not only not attract, but even have a repulsive power against.

*M. A. N.*

## MANHEIM.

WE went through a very pleasant, woody country, to MANHEIM, in one day. As I mean to pass some days here, and look about me, I shall only anticipate the pleasure of mentioning how singularly grand and beautiful the approach to it. For several miles you have rows of beech and poplar trees, on both sides of a fine road, almost as high as you can see, and meeting at top. They are not covered at the bottom with branches; and in passing you get a peep at a lovely country; various promenades and avenues intersecting one another, and leading to different handsome towns, situated all in the compass of a few miles.

The

The town, which passes for one of the finest of all Germany, is very handsome; the houses regular, and well-built; and the streets wide, clean, strait, and intersecting one another at right angles. It is about a mile and a half long, and not very broad; well and regularly fortified. There is one street runs across the town from the Heidelberg gate to that of the Rhine; it has two rows of trees on either side, and is a pleasant promenade. It has a number of public buildings; seven Catholic churches, three Protestant, and one synagogue; an arsenal, a mint, foundry of cannons, six large hospitals, &c. It is now, and has been more than half a century, the residence of the Electors Palatine; and is situated on the meeting of the Rhine and

C                      Necker,



Necker, in a most agreeable country. The Palace, which is a vast building, one of the largest in Europe, looks at one side over the town, and along most of the streets, being so distributed; and at the other side, over a wide scope of a lovely country, watered by the Rhine, and terminating towards the town in handsome environs, platforms, and terraces, neatly ornamented with rare plants; and promenades on the ramparts, open for the world to walk in.

The Palace consists of a principal part in the center, the residence of the Court; from the middle of which rises a high handsome pavilion, and of two collateral wings, which join two other pavilions, from which shoot as yet two long wings, in a line parallel

to the body, or residence of the Court. The right wing is dedicated to the arts and sciences, and *the left to gambling, prayers, and plays.*

In the right wing are kept the Archives, Library, the Cabinets of Medals, Antiquities, and Natural History, Paintings, Engravings, &c. and in the left the Play-house, Redoute, and Electoral Chapel: in it are also all the portraits of the the Electoral House, as large as life. The Chapel contains a number of curiosities: among a vast quantity of reliques, kept in cases of gold and silver, set with jewels, are some entire bodies of Saints—one arm of St. Sebastian—our Saviour, represented by a figure of an entire oriental onyx, set with brilliants—the *cranium* of St. Stanislaus—

nissaus—a considerable splint of the real cross—some of St. Andrew's beard—and St. Catharine's hair, kept in a vessel enriched with precious stones. St. Hubert's altar is of solid silver, very large, and has three pieces of Greek painting, &c. In the Cabinet of Antiquities you see a quantity of Roman monuments, and inscriptions engraved on stones found in the Palatinate—urns of alabaster, seldom met with but in Tuscany—little statues of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman idols, in marble, brass and other metals, &c. &c.

An account of this town would swell to a large volume; but as my description can only be cursory, I'll just mention the paintings in general, that they are as choice a collection

lection as more renowned countries can boast of; as you have the most exquisite productions of Europe, and distributed into nine divisions. The two first are chiefly by Germans.—The third is full of Italian and Brabant pieces.—The fourth contains the works of some Italian masters, such as the Descent of St. Andrew's Holy Cross, by Ribera; Seneca's Death, by Lucas Giordano; and other pieces, by Guido Reni, Solimeno, Carado, &c.—The fifth and sixth are an assemblage by some excellent masters, French, Italian, Brabant; &c. as La-  
 resse, Van Dyk, Hamilton, Cerquozzi, Rappel, Rubens, Quellin, &c.—In the seventh and eighth divisions are a treasure of the rarest pieces of Brabant—and in the eighth, another of the modern painters.

In the ninth and last, which consists chiefly of statues, figures, &c. in ivory, and others in different metals, some in bas relief, and so on, nothing fixed my attention so much as an enamelled representation of a very old man, seven inches and a half high, and six broad. On particular enquiry, I found it was taken from life, only a few years back, and the little man's name was Boyt. In the great Hall of Statues you have before your eyes the greatest rarities that Greece, Rome, Florence, Venice, &c. can produce: The famous groupe of Lacoön with his children; Hercules of Farnese; the Hermaphrodite; Castor and Pollux; with a vast quantity of others. At last, I came to a Venus de Medicis: it was the first I ever saw. I am not very cold of constitution—

tution—and I'll say no more about the matter!

From the last Chamber of the Paintings we passed into the Cabinet of Prints: it consists of 700 large volumes in folio, and divided according to the different masters they were executed by; such as Italian, French, English, German, &c. In this collection, which is the largest of Europe, you have the best-chosen, most rare, and best-finished pieces of the greatest masters, both ancient and modern. There are many thousands of small volumes; and the walls are ornamented with about 800 prints, beautifully framed and glazed, by Pomeranio, Guido Reni, André del Sarto, Raphaël, &c. &c.



Every species of polite and useful literature goes on here with encouragement and success. I visited all the colleges, and heard the lectures. I even went to hear the lectures of midwifery delivered to the women. As every process of the manoeuvre, from going into bed to being brought-to-bed, is here canvassed and unfolded, you may guess whether I was always able to prevent a smile. Some of the girls were pretty; but they always kept the most solemn faces. Would you believe that, for my amusement, I read, and underwent an examination. They were surpris'd, indeed, at a fortnight's scholar!

The National Theatre, supported by very good players, the Assembly, Coffee, Billiard Rooms, Redoute, &c.

are

are all kept in one superb house, fitted out for that purpose.

During my stay in Mannheim, which the pleasures of the town and country made me prolong to a month, I visited most of the neighbouring towns of the Palatinate.

One of my excursions was to HED-  
DELBERG, an ancient town, twelve  
miles eastward of Mannheim. It is  
situate in a fine country, at the foot  
of high hills, from which the Neckar  
derives its source; which, after water-  
ing the town, takes a direction towards  
Mannheim, to form a junction with the  
Main. It is long, but narrow, and  
divided into a town and suburbs. It  
has near a dozen convents, three of  
which are for nuns, with churches to  
all:

all: that of *du St. Esprit* is a magnificent structure. Other persuasions have their places of worship; beside a variety of public buildings. The University is the most ancient of all the Empire, as old inscriptions prove its being founded in the year 1535. It was in the 12th century the residence of the Counts Palatine *du Rhin*, was once very strong; but in the year 1693 its fortifications were razed to the ground, and is to this day only surrounded by a wall.

Prince Frederic de Deux Ponts' monument, to be seen in the vault of the Carmelite church, is a rare piece, and superbly magnificent; only finished about twelve years ago.

The

The remains of two Palaces are extant on a hill over the town, which seems designedly fixed by Nature in a point of view to gaze on the beauties of a fine country. The old Palace was consumed by lightning, in the year 1535; and the new, whose ruins are lower down on the eminence, by the same misfortune, in 1764. Nothing but the chapel and cellars escaped the flames.

The famous Tun, of course, was saved, but received some damage; it was therefore made quite new, about thirty years ago, by many hogheads larger than the old one. I cannot exactly tell how much it contains; but the ladder that carried me to the top of it had three or four and twenty steps;

steps; and there I found as wide an area as ever I saw taken to dance a minuet. I made a scrape on it with my penknife; and the metal it's made of seems to be copper.

They told me of a Mr. Sealy, an English Gentleman, who every summer for fifteen years had passed a fortnight at HEIDELBERG, and every day had sat for three or four hours on the ruins of the Palaces; so charmed was he with the views of that enchanting neighbourhood.—They are sure he is dead, as he did not come last year.

### FRANKENTHAL

IS a large handsome town; within six miles of Manheim, situated in a flat,

flat, fertile country, and chiefly remarkable for the vast number of manufactories carried on there; such as porcelain, cloths, tobacco, silk, gold and silver twist, gunpowder, Spanish wax, &c. &c. A canal is now finished from it to the Rhine. I walked along with a Gentleman to the Palace of

### OGERSHEIM.

IT lies at the other side of the Rhine; and, when one has nothing else to do, is worth taking a walk to see the Palace and Gardens.

### LAUTERN.

THE only thing it has worthy observation, is its University: as the  
 Elector,



Elector, in 1778, published an Edict,  
 disqualifying any person whatever  
 from holding a place in Administra-  
 tion, or any office under the Crown,  
 in a principal or deputed capacity,  
 that had not first made an entire course  
 of three years in that University. The  
 Sciences proposed here, are, Physics,  
 Mathematics, Natural History, Chy-  
 mistry, the Laws of Nature and the  
 Country, Eloquence, Farming in all  
 its branches, Politics, Commerce, a  
 Knowledge of Trades and Manufac-  
 tures, &c. &c. Will they not soon  
 be a great people? Should we not  
 be yet greater than we are, if such a  
 Law had been long since enacted?  
 But it's not too late; and why not  
 follow good example! My

My next drive was to BRUCKSAL, a large but indifferent town, about twenty miles from Mannheim, and fifteen from Carlsruhe. The Prince, a Bishop, leaves orders at the guard-house to announce the arrival of every stranger. He came to meet Baron Hohenhausen and me, as we viewed some of the apartments, and was exceedingly polite in shewing us every thing. As it happened, there was scarce any thing worth looking at, except a piece or two among the pictures. The Palace is paltry, and old-fashioned; and the gardens, comparatively speaking, indifferent. However, our dinner, though Friday, was deliciously sumptuous; to which he most cheerfully pressed us; and King George, England, &c. were toasted in bumpers of the most exquisite wines.

We

We intended, in two or three days, to go to see the Margraff of Baden's Palace; however, as the hospitable Bishop kept us rather late, we went that night to

### CARLSRUHE.

**T**HE residence of the Margraff of Baden. The Palace and gardens, to the front and rear, are happily arranged, and have a royal, delightful effect. The front looks over a princely garden into a very handsome town, whose streets diverge in right lines from the great garden-gate, and look like vistas made for the Palace to take a perspective view of the variety of country-scenes spreading wide from their further extremity.

He

He has 3000 soldiers, for a wonder! but admits no stranger: their pay is also, for a wonder, eight creutzers per day; as in general they have but some four, some five, and so on. His soldiers live at home with their wives and families, except two hours exercise on Sundays. His subjects are rich and happy, because ignoble, and love their Prince.

After passing the morning, and taking an early dinner here, we returned in about five hours to Mannheim.

### **SWETZINGEN.**

AS it has been of late, till last year, the Electoral residence during the sum-

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mer season, I went to see it; and indeed did not regret the trouble of my journey; but must attribute most part of my satisfaction to the garden: for the town, though pretty large, makes no figure in that country; and the streets adjoining the Palace look rather like a ruin than part of a town, as in those streets most of the nobility began to build: but, finding the Court was not held there last year, or this, they have abandoned the pursuit; and of course the houses, some half-roofed, some the walls half-raised, &c. together with being a material disadvantage to the town, hurt also its appearance. It lies about ten miles south-east of Mannheim. In approaching the Palace, which is at the south-east extremity of the town, it makes only a poor impression on a stranger's eye.

eye. In going to the garden, our passage was by a very large arched gate-way, through the center of the Palace. Here my eyes were struck with the first course of the luxurious repast they were going to feast on:—it was on the garden-side:—a perspective view, as if by a *camera obscura*, through one of the principal avenues of the garden, which went farther than my sight could follow it, into the darksome shades of a remote forest: it took in a glimpse of some ponds, water-spouts, green saloons, and other ornaments. There is a small descent towards that side of the garden, which opens a view to part of the atmosphere: just over the groves it reflected an azure hue, which I took for a piece of calm sea; till I recollected there was none within two



hundred miles of me. I turned about, and my eyes met, on the opposite side, a view nearly similar to the former, but less ornamented; and terminating, at a very great distance, in hills covered with verdure, and chequered with rocks, and a variety of other landscapes. Here I could have stood, like a statue, and gazed for a month. After entering the garden (for it joins the Palace), I found the latter put on a genteeler appearance than it had on the outside; as there are two wings, one from each side of the center part, built in a circular form round the edge of that part of the garden. One of them measured 250 of my steps; and the other wing looked in every respect exactly like it. They are built in the Doric fashion, and have a noble appearance. The apart-  
ments

ments are large, and well furnished, but all is not yet finished.

It looks, from all parts, into a garden, the most extensive, I believe, in Europe, and the best deserving its name. Were I to offer a description, I am sure I should do it injustice, and you would find the ablest writer go astray in attempting it, from its vast extent, variety of order, and most pleasing objects, that seize your attention, and arrest it on all sides, from some others you had been just eager to view and enjoy. But as this is my fourth time of coming to breakfast here, I will therefore take some notes, as I stray through it.

I now stand in a point of view just before the Palace, on a platform about

150 yards in every direction; in the center of which is a fountain 130 feet wide, ornamented with a variety of brazen figures, spouting water to an immense height, and descending again, on one part like a stream, and at another like a shower of rain. The border of this area is edged with an arbour of yoke elm-tree, which forms a semicircle to correspond with the winding wings of the Palace, and regularly interwoven into green arches, through which the Doric windows occasionally appear. At the bottom of this area, I meet another wide basin and cascade, nobly adorned with various figures of cast metal, and spouting water to a prodigious height. In looking about here, I see the four principal avenues of the garden, going due north, south, east, and west.

Of

Of the two former I spoke while I stood in the Palace gate-way; and the two others are not inferior in distance and delightful scenery. I say distance, as our guide tells us, and I believe, that the entire garden contains about three hundred acres. To the right and left of this basin are two very fanciful scenes:—on either side, a wide porch of verdure leads you into thickets and shrubberies of great extent, variety, and elegance, richly embellished with ponds, statues, cascades, and water-spouts. In that to the left, we see a temple, dedicated to Minerva; and in the corresponding opposite compartment, another to Venus. After straying through one of these narrow, winding gravel-walks of the thicket, we found ourselves sitting on a bank of flowers, in a green

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alcove,

alcove, entwined with the rarest shrubberies. I viewed all around; and, in a voice I could not suppress, "Sure all here is formed by God and Nature for all the sweets of love!" A Lady whom I conducted, and who leaned on my arm, smiled, and nodded a *German* approbation. I breakfasted at her house that morning; which was all my acquaintance with her, except a little at the Assemblies. To a stranger, she was not handsome; but she had the strongest resemblance to a Lady I had the *tendereſt* friendship for during a few years before. Her person was slender, and whether tall or low, no matter; her age, much about my own; her manner sprightly, and most engagingly sweet; her eyes large, black, and sparkling vivacity and love at every look.

It

It is astonishing how long natural modesty will keep the ascendant over all the lessons of libertinism, and force of love ; for though I may now with justice pretend to have seen the world in all the scenes that most young men do, I could scarcely venture the liberty of putting my arm round her waist. She smiled again (which I could hardly see, so dark was our green habitation), and leaned with a natural sympathy on my bosom. I impressed a burning kiss on her lips—the dear image of my love!—O God! that I did not die with transport!—I shall never be again so blest!

As the alcove scene engaged more of my time than I proposed when I began to take these notes, and they dine early at Manheim (one o'clock

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is the usual hour), I must roll up the rest, and tell you, in gross, that this garden beggars the most powerful description; and that Art, Nature, and expence, unite, to render it the most charming and complete master-piece of its kind. From the alcove, and narrow windings of the thicket, we got into arbours and spacious halls of the rarest trees, the ends of which become invisible by distance, and darkness of the shades. To the right, a rising temple, and statues, variegate the verdure: to the left, orange-groves. Here rows of elm and cedar entwine their branches at top, and lead you, along rills and cascades, to an hermitage. Further on, after passing a variety of scenes, you meet solitudes and grottoes of the most romantic and expensive construction. Low down  
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in the garden, you see a pond, near a mile long, and a quarter broad, with a most beautiful pleasure-boat. Beyond this, and a canal, lies another part of the garden, with which a communication is to be opened by means of a beautiful bridge, for which the stones are collected and cut, to be built next summer. A green-house producing fine oranges, fruit-house, rural scenes, and an artificial mountain with every sort of shell-work, and on the top a round temple dedicated to Apollo, are part of the pleasing objects that occur in these Elysian Fields. In a word, the numerous diversity of the scenes—the incomparable arrangement of the whole—the variety and contrast of appearances, such as the natural and artificial, the rude and cultivated—Nature sometimes

times in real appearance, combined with the most masterly strokes of Art—every thing unites to render this, in its kind, the completest copy for imitation.

Now, having got some idea of GERMANY, I was desirous of seeing FRANCE; and for that purpose came in one day from Manheim to

### STRASBURG.

IT lies fifty miles south-east of Manheim, and is the capital of ALSACE, now a Province of FRANCE. My route was by Swetzingen, Carlsruhe, and afterwards through a fine country. To the right, all along, we saw, not far off, a range of mountains, that  
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in these parts divide GERMANY from FRANCE; and nearly under their brow, the Rhine, winding through shades of willow, with which the banks are thickly overgrown. To the left, an hilly, woody, fruitful country.

Next morning I was in a hurry to see the principal curiosity of the town, namely, the Cathedral. It is a very handsome piece of Gothic building: the spire is said to be the highest in the world, as it measures 432 French feet. I was at the top; from whence I saw a level, fruitful country; and the town, which is about four or five miles in circumference, and well fortified. You also see the Rhine, which separates STRASBURG, and for a great distance the country of FRANCE, from GERMANY. It is there divided  
into

into many streams; and the intermediate islands contribute not a little to the beauty of the prospect. The day was clear; and we saw the mountains of Switzerland terminating a landscape of sixty miles; and some others, but not so far off, on the side of France.

The Cardinal de Rohan's house, built on the edge of the river Ill, which passes through the town, is grand, and regularly built of cut free-stone; which is more than can be said of any other. The man who lives at the top of the steeple, to watch against fire, blows a loud horn three times a day, in token of infamy to the Jews, who some years ago formed a conspiracy to assassinate the town, but fortunately were detected time enough

enough to disconcert their sanguinary plot. Not a Jew ever since has been allowed to sleep in the town.

He also told us of two men, who were employed, two years back, to replace the globe that had been blown off the top of the spire by a thunder-storm. They happened to be father and son. The latter ascended foremost; and, after having arrived at that prodigious height, the father handed him the globe, in order to place it on the spire. He viewed it earnestly, and said, "Father, I see two holes; there should be but one." His answer was, "O son, prepare for the other world!" and the words were not uttered till the son tumbled off, and was dashed to pieces.

The



The Perpetual Clock is considered a *chef-d'œuvre* in astronomy and mechanics, but is now out of order.

In the Church of St. Thomas, the monument of the memorable Comte de Saxe, erected by Lewis XV. is really magnificent. The arms of England, Holland, and Germany, are seen scattered at his right-hand. To his left, France, represented by a beautiful woman in lively grief, who with her left hand strives to arrest the crouching strides of Death, and with her right the Marshal; who, holding a truncheon in his hand in all martial dignity, approaches Death with an intrepid air. In the middle, a great pyramid rises, with a panegyric inscription to the Marshal: and a large altar supports the whole; with his  
arms

arms in the front, in bas relief: all of the Colossal size, and of the purest marble.

After returning to the *hôtel d'Esprit*, where I lodged, I was surprised to hear my favourite tune, *Comalou*, well played on the flute, next room. On inquiring, I learnt it was a Mr. Jones, an English Officer. We got acquainted at the *table d'hôte*, and went together to the Play. The Company is tolerable; and they play in the French and German languages alternately.

The number of English and Irish you every day meet at the principal inns, is prodigious, travelling about for their amusement; and all the windows scratched with English verses, and epithets, on their favou-

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rite belles. At the *Maison Rouge*, in Francfort, I thought I recognised the following initials: *Miss C..d..ll C..l..n*: even somebody gave little *M..g...t* a scratch—Where I now lodge, we see, among the rest, *Miss B.r.e*, *E..l.s*, *F.r...d*, &c. &c.

Here the conversation turned upon fine girls. Count Caroffa, from Corfica, a French Officer, is my companion here, and has been for some days. He says, if my wife was a black-and-white beauty, I might with safety allow him to sleep with her; for he would rather puke upon the colours, when they meet. I only said, I could not return the compliment, and was glad we differed in taste.

From

From hence I made an excursion into Switzerland, and also took down some remarks on the country: but, as it, in particular, has been so often and so minutely described by many of our countrymen, I shall say no more about it, but that I found myself exceedingly well entertained in that truly romantic country for about three weeks, and am now in Strasburg after returning.

It is now two o'clock, and I am this moment on top of the mountain in FRANCE, that I saw about a month ago when up the Strasburg steeple; as I now face homewards, by the route of Nancy to Paris.

The prospect from this is extensive and delightful. Just at the foot of

this high hill, covered with wood, I see the little town called SAVERN. In passing through it, a while ago, I saw, to the right hand, a large, old-fashioned house. Upon asking, Who it belonged to? "Sir, to the man—but I forget his name—that made so much noise at Paris." At length, I discovered they meant the Cardinal de Rohan: and though the house has rather an antique appearance, it is magnificently furnished; and, when he was out of Paris (*till lately*), has been his principal residence. He is well beloved in this country; and every body cries, he was wronged at Paris. They call him yet *un bel homme*, about forty-five years of age. At the rear of the house, there is an avenue, about a mile long, planted with rows of trees on each side: at  
the

the further extremity of it, you discover, as if in perspective, an elegant little *maison de plaisance*, built in the Doric fashion. Though the time was but short for our delay, we went up to it. In approaching, on the left, appears a canal, meandering through a meadow, edged at a distance with the gloomy verdure of a forest; which rises by degrees, in solemn grandeur, to the summit of the hills. On the right, is a park, or rather garden, of several miles extent. There is no appearance of regular arrangement; but it strays the nearest possible after nature. From gravel-walks, and thick covers of trees and shrubberies, you are led into a forest; and afterwards imperceptibly you find yourself in a cabinet, almost dark, surrounded with jessamin and woodbine, and no noise



but the cascading of little streams and singing of birds. Bewildered in this delicious retreat, for we all strayed from one another, all I wanted to crown my enjoyment, was my choice of companions to participate my bliss. If the Cardinal himself is no more or less than man, I am sure he must think as I do, when he walks here. I could not but recollect the alcove-scene at the incomparable garden of Swetzingen. My imagination at once embraced the phantom of my love; and I was happier than kings, for a moment.

The Cardinal's ancestors, we all know, not a long time back, were Princes of all Alsace: his possessions, even yet, beyond the Rhine, opposite Strasburg, are of some extent: in all,  
he

he is said to have a revenue of one million *livres Tournois* per annum.

I got to this hill by a short way through the forest, and will presently step into as good a public carriage as any in England. It is no wonder a bad character should have gone abroad of the French carriages; as it is only about six or seven years since the present sort, with springs, &c. began to be introduced: but now you travel in them throughout the principal routes of France, and almost as expeditiously as in England.

After yesterday's excursion, we slept at Blamont; and are now breakfasting at LUNEVILLE, within twenty miles of Nancy. I have been to see the town, which is not inconsiderable. The

Palace of the late Stanislaus, King of Poland, before Duke of this province, Lorraine, makes a very noble, though ancient appearance; but is now converted into a barrack of horse. The gardens, to the rear, the walks and pavilions along the canal, retain a great deal of royalty and beauty. Such noble buildings and improvements, going to ruin, excite a kind of compassion; and, like beauty in distress, sometimes have a better effect than if in perfect repair.

A drive of three hours brought us to NANCY, a beautiful town, 210 miles east of Paris, and 90 west of Strasburg. The houses are all regular, and nearly uniform, of free-stone. From the *Place de Louis Quinze*, which is a handsome square, in walking

ing about, you see through all the principal streets, your view terminating in a rural expanse. The *Place Carrier*, where Count D'Estinville, Grand Marechal of all France, resides, and the gardens, are all handsome. At the *Place d' Alliance*, a beautiful square, there is a monument in the middle, erected on an artificial rock, in the center of a fountain, with water-spouts, in memory of the Peace of 1763. There is a regiment of horse here, and two battalions of it consist of English and Scotch. At NANCY there is an University, public library, assemblies, a company of good players—in a word, all the *agrémens* our insatiable nature can wish for—All the neighbourhood thickly inhabited, and embellished with numbers of handsome and beautifully

tifully-situated houses. The approach to, and departure from it, are at once rural, elegant, and picturesque.

The day we left Nancy, we slept at LIGNI, a neat little town. Late in the evening, the postillion's horse tumbled twice with him—The *Conducteur* said it was his fault; but he insisted he rode as well as any man in France; and they boxed for a quarter of an hour. During this time, the poor animal lay groaning under the carriage. After we got him dragged from the wheels, a fore-leg was found smashed to pieces: we were therefore obliged to drive with three horses; which caused our arriving late at our destination. A farrier was sent to take care of the poor beast.

At

At the second fall, the postillion's leg lay under the horse; and the horse, as mentioned before, under the wheels; but he soon whipped it out, and left the boot behind, without receiving the smallest damage! For these boots are made long and wide, (to slip off and on, over other boots,) of the thickest and hardest sole leather, with iron hoops and plates, so that nothing can bend them. I saw even Gentlemen ride with such boots! But, though perfectly unwieldy, and laughably clumsy, they are an excellent protection against their stumbling horses.

The postillions, who delayed us some time yesterday evening, made amends by driving us this morning in an hour to BERN, a little town, twelve miles from Ligni. A great  
part



part of it is on the side of a rock, to the left hand; and as the houses are built with flat roofs, to see one range rising above another, forms a most pleasing view. In all this morning's drive, the small uniform hills to the left, longitudinally ranged, and plains to the right, are covered with red BERN-Wine, so called. We had it at supper, and were surprised to meet so good at so low a price. Indeed, there was no fixed price; for we had supper, and as much of that wine as we pleased to drink, beside lodging, for two livres each person. But it certainly is a rarity to meet so cheap fare in France; as in general they impose on strangers as much as they can possibly do; and their wines, when of a superior quality, except the duty, are as dear as in England.

Yesterday,

Yesterday, at Luneville, we took up Mrs. Balon, a pleasing, chatty woman, her age about forty, short-sized, and prodigiously gross. She repeatedly intreated I should eat a fallad, and take a bed, with her, if ever I was to pass by Luneville.—She guessed, by the by, I never would.—But this morning she presented herself with a black gauze muffled about her chaps: she said, the morning was cold, and 'twas therefore she wore it. It is now twelve o'clock; and, though the day proves intensely hot, she has not yet put it off! Poor woman! I knew the reason as well as herself. Yesterday she plumed herself on being so well shaved, that she might play off her face with some *éclat*; but last night she drank so heartily of the excellent red wine of BERN, that  
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it pushed out her black bristles to a prodigious length; and of course must hide her muzzle till she shaves again.

This leads me to an advice, which, for decency's sake, I must venture to give, at the risque of being censured for impudence; that is—for all black-beards to shave every day, company or no company, for fear of being surpris'd:—the fair-beards would also do well to shave every day; and I recommend it—But, if they are not engaged abroad, and imagine they will receive no company, or visits, they may skip a day (every body knows) with greater safety than the black.

We are now to dine at ST. DIZIER, the frontier town, between Lorraine and

and Champagne. My first visit, after alighting, was to a certain convenience; and I was surprised to see two soiled towels laid on a board near, and a clean one just at my destination. I used the clean one, but was obliged to pay the maid a penny; and our conversation was curious, before she could make me understand what it was for! She assured me, the Ladies, in particular, had their napkins *à derrière* as regularly arranged in their wardrobe as any other part of their linen. At any rate, this is a sh——n little town, 120 miles east of Paris, and good for nothing but some commerce with it in iron, corn, and wood, by means of the Marne, which passes through it.

This

This day our journey is from St. Dizier, by Vitri de François, to Chaalons. VITRI is but a dead town, though of some extent; the houses mostly of wood, surrounded by a dirty foss, and good for nothing. But, in approaching it, we passed through the Plain of PERTOIS. It contains sixty square miles, and is level as a sheet of ice. The soil is extremely fertile, and covered with every kind of grain, rows of elm, poplar, and fruit-trees. In short, it's acknowledged to be the finest country of all France.

But, what a contrast! From Vitri de François we ascended into barren hills and plains, for some miles without either grass, grain, or trees; but banks of sand, like the Deserts of Arabia. Where you began to see a  
few

few trees, traces of industry, it was ill paid by a wretched crop—Misery and indigence in every feature of the complexion.

The next view, after a doze in the carriage, presented a valley, without exception one of the loveliest in the world. It is about three miles broad, and level as a pane of glass; nothing to equal its verdure; I suppose, because it is covered some weeks every year by the overflowing of the Marne. Rows and clumps of every kind of trees, and fruit in luxuriant abundance—Pheasants, partridges in numerous covies, and only sprung by the lonely shepherd, or the hare—And the river Marne winding through the middle of the scene, as if conscious of its enjoyment.

F

At



At one end of this Elysian Field is an elegant seat, belonging to a taylor of Chaalons, by name Lafelle. I gazed eagerly for the situation and extent of the other extremity; but, though I saw very far, I lost it in the distant vapours of a fine day.

After passing along this scene for ten miles, we got to CHAALONS, where we slept. It is a handsome town, about three miles in circumference, and all alive. *La Grande Place*, and the walks, gardens, and environs, are beautiful. The valley above mentioned constitutes part of the outlets; and to see, in a fine evening, different gay parties sporting through it, in all the glee of health and spirits, would tempt any one but a cynic to good-humour and fun.

They

They have plays four months every year, assemblies, &c. &c. and are truly gay and polite. It lies 100 miles east of Paris. We lodged at the Palais Royal, an excellent inn: the rooms are marked *Paris, London, Venice, &c.* but my destination was at *Madrid*.

After passing some days very pleasantly there, we proceeded on our journey to Paris. We set out pretty early, and continued our route along the valley. It is now ten o'clock, and I see, at a great distance, across a fertile, fruitful country, large villages, at the foot of a mountain about a mile high, which borders round the wide extent, to the left of the Paris road. To the right, is a hilly border of the same kind, yet further off; and

the intermediate landscape delightful  
 —The valley I spoke of, forms part  
 of it. It was round those hills, and  
 not before, we saw the growth of  
 Champagne wine.

They make a distinction between  
 the mountain and river growths. The  
 mountain wine of Rheims passes for  
 the best in red and rose-colour: it  
 grows at Versey, Versenay, Bouzi,  
 and other villages. The river wine  
 is of the highest quality in white,  
 both *mousseux* and *tranquil*: it grows  
 at Ay, Hauvillers, Epernay, and  
 Pierry. All others, whether white or  
 red, are less esteemed.

They sell the best kind, on the spot,  
 from half-a-crown to 4s. 6d. a bottle.

The

The cloth is laid at EPERNAY; while I write this, after returning from the adjoining vineyards; where, though in the morning, I drank some of the wine, and took on the spot the information I now write.

The knives at Chaalons looked so dirty, I could not eat with them—Here they have the same appearance—But trying them with a clean towel, they did not soil. They clean them well; but never scour, for fear of wearing them; and they have always a dirty look. Indeed, it is seldom you are troubled with them, except at the very best houses: but forks are regularly served with the plates, and no knives; as the custom is for every one to carry a knife about him, and pull it out at dinner.

I can't get over their nastiness, without mentioning, that I saw some Gentlemen, and observed it customary, to pick their teeth with a fork, and eat with the same just after—It must be the same; for they never change knives or forks till the approach of the *dessert*, except at very distinguished tables.

Here the carving is done by the company at table, and not by servants at a sideboard, as in Germany. But I can never keep them from licking their fingers. What an odious custom!

We sleep to-night at CHATEAU-TIERI, a little town on the Marne, sixty miles from Paris. This day's route was entirely along the valley;  
but

but it lost all its beauty in most parts, till we got to the province of Chouffonné. This night we got again black knives, rotten artichokes, and every thing bad; for supper. I grew very sick, and my stomach was much disordered. In the morning, I was pretty well; but was surprised to find my night-cap in the chamber-pot, and the snuffers in my waistcoat pocket.

We left Château-Tierl at five o'clock this morning, on our last day's journey to Paris, and have me nothing remarkable, if I was not to repeat encomiums on the country, the valley, and river Marne, which we crossed three times: but we are now, at ten o'clock, passing the celebrated Forest of Moceau, thirty miles east of Paris; whose every



thicker and alcove, to this day, whisper to the wind the delicious enjoyments of Henry the Fourth and his beautiful mistress, *la belle Gabrielle*, Duchess of Bedford.—N. B. By no means connected with the illustrious family of England.

An elegant Castle stands, to this day, at the edge of the forest; and, higher up, a Pavilion rises that commands a view of St. Germain's.—When either of them wanted the other, a lighted flambeau was the signal.

The Castle is in an elevated situation, and commands a view of the bridge, river Marne, and valley.—Here they all resume their original charms; and wind about, among the hills, to Charanton, six miles from Paris,

Paris, where the Marne empties itself into the Seine.

We are now dining at the *Trois Couronnes*, in a little town called MEAUX, twenty miles from Paris.

I thought, till now, that all the French servant-maids had their jackets torn at their arms: but, to-day, a tight little maid is our waiter, and has on a new one, all open under the arms, and says it's the fashion with all the maids of the country. To the east of France, and west of Germany, the servant-girls are dressed in a black habit like a Capucin's, and a white cord about the middle; a black quilted cover on their heads, and their hair hanging in two plaits to their rumps. In the Low Countries, and high into Germany,

Germany, the middle rank go out with a wide black cover over their head and shoulders, of silk or cotton, as they can afford it; so that you can't get a peep at them: but the women of quality dress as in England.

While the horses are changing, for the last time, at VILLE PARISIS, twelve miles from Paris, I have only time to say, that the country looks very handsome; with this exception, which is a general one in the country, that I see neither lakes nor rivers; and that it is nearly similar to the approach to London—A variety of handsome seats, &c. The Duke of Orleans' *Château*, to the left hand, looks to great advantage. It is time I should begin to see some Gentlemen's country-seats; for now I have  
nearly

nearly crossed the entire kingdom, and have seen no more than two or three: and whenever I asked where the Lords of the estates lived, it was answered, All at Paris, in the King's service.

# P A R I S.

**T**HOUGH I have now passed some weeks at Paris, and made it my business to mark every thing worthy the notice of a stranger, I shall not offer a word towards a description of it; as it is too well known and frequented, to render any account of it necessary; and will therefore only mention one remark about the Public Gardens.

I pro-

I promised myself a great deal of enjoyment on entering the gardens of Paris, their repute having gone so far abroad; but must say, in advance, I found myself greatly disappointed.

My first visit was to the *Palais Royal*, or rather *Palais de Marchands*; for I saw nothing but a grand enough looking square of uniform-built houses, about a hundred yards long, and fifty broad; with some young trees growing about a little verdure, which serves for a fountain, in the middle; and the piazzas all round full of toy-shops, milliners, &c.

On entering the *Tuilleries*, one of the most celebrated gardens in the world, I saw some neat-plotted beds  
of

of box-wood, edged round with flowers: and three ponds, with some statues; all ranged well enough. I passed from these into some trees on each side, which led the young Swiss and me to a pond, expensively decorated with statues at a distance round, and steps leading to a little walk on a terrace each side of the garden.

From the pond you advance to the Elysian Fields, so called: but I was sorry to find the name prostituted; for, after passing *la Place de Louis Quinze*, we only got into a plantation of some trees, with some cabins for refreshment to the right and left.

The Court Banker has a handsome house and garden, to the right hand, at the extremity of it—the principal ornament



ornament I saw—except the Ladies; whom you see in thousands, some sitting, some walking, some flirting, and some snuffing—But, let them say what they will of the snuff, there are some of them really handsome. 'Tis true, they all paint;—and why not? Why should not they make themselves as desirable as they can? While it adds to beauty, *à la bonne heure*—but on a wrinkled face, abominable! Here they wear the patches higher up on the face, for fear of being kissed off; whereas with us they wear them lower, about the lips, because they are never in any such danger. But their eyes! their eyes! If I could transplant them into the English beauties, and be myself a Grand Signior in England!—God! what a thought!—However, though I was obliged to  
abandon

abandon that idea, I commonly passed some hours pleasantly enough in those gardens; for either the Ladies, some of them, pleased me, or a Monsieur made me laugh: to see them tripping about on their toes, like so many dancing-masters, in their silk fantastic dresses, and heads the most grotesque—their swords fencing with their hair-bags, while they bowed away their compliments to the Ladies! &c. &c.

I am, but a stranger to you in

The *Luxembourg* Garden has a near resemblance to the two first parts of the *Tuileries*; namely, the entrance, and the trees; but is not so handsome or extensive, and has but one little pond, and no statue.

But, no matter, it belongs to

Monsieur, the King's brother, who  
resides

resides in a handsome house facing it; the *Tuilleries*, and Palace which fronts it, to the King himself; and the *Palais Royal*, to the Duc d'Orleans.

Is this the reason they are so celebrated, and so much frequented? At any rate, they are in the heart of Paris, and they have no better.

In order to see NORMANDY, I make it my route to England; and, as I promised to say nothing about Paris, or its environs, will only offer my tribute of admiration to the MARLI Water-Works; which, by the constant plying of a prodigious quantity of wheels, sends up a hill of three miles a sufficiency of water to the town of St. Germain.

On

On the hill, over these, is situated Madame Du Barry's elegant and splendid little house. It looks over the water-works, and the Seine, playing through a fine country. She now lives at Lucienne, within six miles of Paris—has 4000l. sterling per year. She is now thirty-five years of age, is yet handsome, and receives the visits of some select *original acquaintances*.

We sleep at PASSY. It separates the Isle of France from High Normandy; and is a small, inconsiderable town, ten leagues from Paris.

Here commences the growth of apples; of which they make cyder. It is the common drink of the country people; as in all Upper and Lower

G Normandy

Normandy there grows no wine. As to beer, it's a great rarity; and, when met with, very bad.

The next day brought us to LISIEU, a large, ugly town, almost entirely built of wood. It separates Upper from Lower Normandy, and is thirty miles east of Caën, and 120 from Paris. From it we ascended, by degrees, for fifteen miles; and at length found ourselves on the top of an immensely high hill, which gave a view of all the rest of Lower Normandy. Just at the foot of this hill, we see boundless fields of heavy green grass, (for in general it is parched and foxy,) and large herds of cows and bullocks cooling themselves in the shades of wide-spreading apple-trees. This is the country, of all France, which sends

sends most beef and mutton to Paris. Through this sort of country we got, in about two hours, to CAEN, a little town, about a mile and a half long, and three quarters broad, 150 miles from Paris. The wide, handsome meadows, to the north and south, are its principal ornaments. The river, Orne runs through them and the town, and falls into the sea, after describing a mazy passage of three leagues through the meadows. To the south, is a handsome promenade, along the river; and, on the opposite side of the meadow, a large Abbey, built by William, Duke of Normandy, called the Conqueror, for monks, to pray for his soul; and another, on the north side, for nuns, to pray for his *Duchess*. They are large, handsome, and, except the Cathedral, the only

G 2      buildings



buildings worth notice in the town. The Colleges, Academy, &c. are poor indeed; and, though the capital of Lower Normandy, is only dull and unimportant.

I soon got tired of Caën; and the day it came into my head to leave it, there was no carriage to be got; I therefore took post-horses, and rode to HONFLEURS, about thirty miles north of Caën. The country is full of hills, vallies, wood, and corn; but I saw neither rivers, lakes, nor Gentlemen's seats, except two or three within about six miles of HONFLEURS. In approaching a little village, at the foot of a hill, I discovered a large river, but no bridge. I stopped in surprise; but my post-servant told us a little boat we saw plying on the  
river

river was for our use. After advancing to the edge of the water, the fellow in the boat cried, *Entrez, Messieurs, entrez!* While I was alighting, the post-servant leaped his horse, without dismounting, into the boat; and ours followed, like so many dogs. I was rather timorous to join the society; but, though the boat was very small, it was strong, flat-bottomed, and we got safely over.

In passing, Neptune amused us, boasting of the Norman horses; for he said the English horses never leap so well, but are always obliged to swim after the boat. By the bye, I saw some Norman horses as fine-looking as any in England; but in general they do not use their limbs with such address. On the whole, the ride

was pleasant and romantic; mostly along the sea-shore.

From HONFLEURS, an ugly town, consisting of a few narrow, slippery streets, at the foot of a high hill, and verge of the sea, we crossed, in a packet-boat, to HAVRE-DE-GRACE, a passage of three leagues, and only paid each threepence halfpenny. It is here the Seine opens its mouth, as if greedy of the immensity of commerce kept up by Havre-de-Grace, Rouën, and Paris, with all the parts of the world. In crossing the bay, there was a full view of HAVRE-DE-GRACE. It appeared about two miles and a half in circumference, well enough built, and pretty handsome, surrounded to the west by a high hill, elegantly spotted with neat houses, gardens,

gardens, and trees ; and looked as if pleased, and smiling on the forest of ships, and wide sweep of sea and land below it. The light-houses are about a league from the town ; and though we got tired going up the hills, we were amply repaid in seeing them, as they are exceedingly elegant.

As there was nothing going on here but traffic and bustle, and that which never squared with my genius—after a couple of days, I left it to themselves, and set out for DIEPPE, in order to embark for my native country. The distance is sixty miles ; and in all the journey I saw neither grass, water, nor houses ! I saw no grass, as all was covered with grain ; no water, for want of rivers or lakes ; and no

G 4

houses.

houses, as the custom of the country is to have them so closely surrounded with many rows of trees, as to render them invisible: and, at any distance, there are only spires rising above the trees, that distinguish a town or village from a forest. I asked the reason of it; but they only told me, it was the usage of time immemorial in the country. But I suppose it originated near the sea, which I saw from time to time, in order to guard against the roughness of the Western Ocean.

DIEPPE is nearly as large as Havre-de-Grace, and remarkable for nothing but being the principal thoroughfare between England and France; as the land-passage by Brighthelmstone and it, from London to Paris, is shorter  
by

by ninety miles than any other; but the sea voyage is almost by so much longer.

It was on Sunday I arrived at Dieppe; and at five o'clock in the evening I passed through a village, called BOURDIN, within two leagues of it. On entering the village, at the edge of a wood, a dancing party appeared, boys and girls, to the number of some hundreds. The girls wore, all of them, red jackets, with different coloured petticoats—A kind of cap rose, in the form of a sugar-loaf, a foot high from their heads; and from the tip of it flew two pendent lappets of white linen down to their rumps. At least the half of them wore, instead of shoes, great logs of timber, with holes in them  
for



for their feet—they call them *sabots*; but such as wore them borrowed leather shoes while they danced, and those that lent them stayed sitting for that set. The fidler held the bow in his left hand, was blind of an eye, and made poor music—But the young group danced more to the tune of love, and frisked about as merry as kids. Some of the girls had lovely-formed features; but (as in all that country) they were so brown and hardened, by the sun and severe labour, from their infancy, as to render them old-looking and ugly before their time.

We had a pleasant passage of eighteen hours to Brighthelmstone. I never will return to the Continent, or any other country, from my own;

as

as I am happy to have learnt, by  
conviction, that it far exceeds any  
other in the world—for its Constitu-  
tion, Beauty, and Delights of Life.

**THE END.**

**BOOKS**

and I am happy to have testimony  
afforded, that it is a good  
thing to be a woman—in a country  
where women and children of all

THE END

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